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of the desert. The only verdure was that of scanty lichens, those rudimentary productions of nature, rootless, stalkless, leafless, flowerless, looking like scabby patches on the sides of the rocks, and of every tint from faded yellow to brilliant red. In some places, too, there was a kind of sticky mildew caused by the damp. At the edge of the cliff there was not a blade of grass 5 on its granite wall there was not a single one of those stone-crops or rock plants which need so very little soil.

Was it to be deduced that soil was lacking on the plateau above as well f Had the boat found nothing better than one of those desert islands undeserving of a name f

" It certainly isn't what you might call a ^gay place," the boatswain murmured in Fritz's ear.

" Perhaps we should have had better luck if we had come ashore on the west or east."

" Perhaps," Block assented ; " but at any rate we shall not run up against any savages here."

For it was obvious that not even a savage could have existed on this barren shore.

Jenny, Frank, Dolly, James, and
Susan sat
in the boat, surveying the whole coast,
so different
from the verdant shores of the
Promised Land.
Even Burning Rock, gloomy of aspect
as it was,
had had its natural products to offer to
Jenny
Montrose, the fresh water of its
stream and the